

Dragons Don't Cry

by Lighty7

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Friendship, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-02-20 06:51:50

Updated: 2013-03-13 00:51:50

Packaged: 2016-04-26 14:34:15

Rating: K

Chapters: 2

Words: 2,105

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Now a continued series of one-shots! :D Prequel to Legend of the LightFury. Clues to my OC's pasts! Also maybe to Toothless.

Yeah... I may change this summary later. Please r and r

1. Chapter 1

****Hey people's! :D This story is a prequel to ****Legend of the LightFury****, so to better understand this, you may want to read that first. Just a suggestion. 4 reviews. For chapter 11. So far. I posted it on monday. -- Really people? :(I'm sad now. Ellamina, thx for not abandoning me. :). NightFire26 where are you? :(. I guess I should be thankful for any reviews at all. And you guys are probably busy. You probably have lives. lol. Unlike me.****

****Okay, this story is dedicated to my sissy, who will probably never read this lol.****

****I do not own How to Train Your Dragon. Yeah yeah, stop rubbing it in. I do, however own all the characters in this one-shot. SCORE 1 for me! :D lol k I'm done talking. Here ya go.****

A lightning strike struck the earth. A clap of thunder rang through the cave. A whimper came from 10-year-old LightStorm. A black mass shifted behind the little white dragon.

::Shush now, little one. That is the sound of a brand new dragon being hatched.:: A kind, old thought came from the black dragon. Her scales were worn and dull, and her wings and tail were wrinkled. She was curled up in the middle of a room in the cave they resided in. There was a small dragon with silvery white scales, big eyes, one green, one blue, and longerish wings for a small dragon. She was later called LightStorm. She was nestled against the larger dragon, looking afraid.

::Who is it?: She asked curiously. This earned her a chuckle from the old dragon.

::In all my 300 years.:: she chuckled. ::We don't know. No one knows. Not even the dragon. Every strike of Lightning is different so every NightFury is different.::

::What was my Lightning like?:: asked LightStorm.

::Yours was special. It had different colors all over it. I've never seen anything like it.:: the old dragoness purred, tickling the little white one with her snout. Another clap of thunder struck and the dragoness's ears perked up. Her head shot up immediately. Sadness swept over her face, but she pushed it away. LightStorm blinked, confused as to why her great-grandmother stopped tickling her. The old dragoness sighed.

::It seems I have to go away for a long, long time.:: she told LightStorm. ::The storm will take me away. You will be okay. You can defend yourself right?::

LightStorm's eyes widened, for she wasn't a fool. She knew why her grandmother was leaving, and she had expected it for a while now. She snuggled close to the old dragoness, silent sorrow apparent on her face.

::Please don't go. Not like mom and dad.:: She pleaded, her eyes wide with sorrow.

::I must. My time is up. The storm must take a life when it gives a life.:: the old dragon turned her head towards the doorway. ::It has given a life, and it must take mine.:: Her head stooped low so that the small dragon could look her in the eyes. ::You must listen very closely now. You are very special. You were hatched so that you could accomplish great things. Your destiny is bright. But you must understand the warnings. Do not let anyone take advantage of you. Ever. In any way possible. You must be independent. Depend on nothing. Listen and think before you act. Learn to fight, learn to hunt, learn to win, but you also must learn to love. I must go now, but I will linger in your heart if you ever need me. I will be there, as will all of your ancestors. Look to yourself.::

::I don't want you to go.:: LightStorm's eyes watered, but the tears would never fall.

Dragons don't cry.

::I must.:: The old dragoness rubbed her head against the little one's. ::Be safe, be strong, be brave. Goodbye, little one.:: With that, she took off towards the exit, looking back once when she reached the door, then rushing off into the darkness. Lightning lit up the cave moments later, and LightStorm knew it was over. She curled up in a ball, shivering. Again her eyes watered, but the tears would never flow.

Dragons don't cry.

Choked cries filled the cave, and the walls started to shake. LightStorm couldn't care less. She had just lost the dragoness who had taken care of her ever since her parents died. She wailed until she lost her voice, then she laid there miserably. Her eyes watered again. But she didn't cry.

Dragons don't cry.

She picked herself up, and slumped out of her cave toward the beach. A growl caught her attention. Her ears raised and her head snapped toward the growl. A black dragon a little older than her jumped out of the bushes, and immediately tackled her. Fighting instinct came in here. She leapt into the air and pinned the dragon in a heart-beat. An impressed look came onto the face of the larger black NightFury.

::Nice one. Not many can pin me. Much less that quick.::

::I'm not in the mood to talk.:: LightStorm got off of the dragon, slumping away from him. He quickly caught up with her.

::Oh come on. I'm tired of playing by myself. Oh yeah. I didn't catch your name.::

::You think I'm stupid enough to let anyone name me?::

::Don't you need one?::

::No.::

::Oh.:: A moment passed.

::... What's your name?:: She asked for completely no reason. He grinned.

::NightStar.::

2. Chapter 2

****Hello, everyone! Yes, thats right! This story is back! I know, I know. I said this was a one-shot. Well, now it's a series of one-shots since I don't have time to put everyone's pasts into Legend of the LightFury. I am sad to announce that I will not respond to reviews on this story. I will, however, continue to do so in the main story.****

****I will try to update every Wednesday on this one. I know this is early, but I couldnt wait. I'll update LotLF tomorrow! Okay Here it goes!****

* * *

><p>-Dot_-

A tiny Terrible Terror curled up with his brothers and sisters next to the fire, but he wouldn't stay there long. The Terror's siblings were pushy and short-tempered. And Dot wasn't particularly quiet.

::Hey guys! You wanna play Hide and go Kill?!:: Asked the excited Terror named Dot.

::Go away.:: said one.

::No one wants you here.::

::Yeah, you're like... loud.:: The rest of the Terrors closed their eyes for a nap. Not Dot. He paused for a moment, blinking at his siblings.

::But don't you wanna play a game?::

Ditter, one of the older Terrors sighed.

::No. We're tired. Get lost.:: Ditter closed his eyes. Dot Started bouncing off the walls.

::But it's not even dark yet!::

::DOT! GO AWAY! NO ONE WANTS YOU HERE!:: The rest of the Terrors nodded their heads in agreement. Dot shrunk down to nothing more than... well... a Dot, and curled his tail between his legs as he left. Dot looked up. The room was made of wood, a few chairs and tables gathered around. There was a wood bench in the far left corner, and he hid under it. He curled up in a ball and drifted off to sleep.

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A loud bump broke through the silence, waking up the little green dragon. He blinked once, then his green eyes fluttered open. What he saw shocked him to the bone. All his siblings were scattered around the room, dead asleep. He knew they weren't actually dead of course. He saw eyes flutter and wings twitch. Every one. Asleep. A small human girl was crying off in a corner while a tall human man stuffed each one of Dot's many siblings into sacks. Shock struck the little Terror's face. What had they done? What were they going to do with them? Dot pressed himself against the wall.

"I'm sorry Penny. We can't have them. Just one eats us out of house and home. We have to feed ourselves first. We come first." The man kept stuffing them into the sacks.

"What are you going to do with them?" The girl sobbed.

"I'm going to find them new homes. Lots of people will love them and take care of them. Just like you did."

Dot caught a glimpse of the man's face as he bent down to get another. His eyes were full of grief and sorrow, his expression guilty.

"But dad, couldn't we keep just one? Only one?" The girl pleaded. The man sighed.

"No, Penny. For the last time, NO!"

The girl's eyes widened and Dot saw her feet running out the exit, sobbing filling his ears. The man sighed, sitting on the ground, and putting his head in his hands. Dot could tell it hurt the man to say that. It hurt him to say no to his daughter.

The man cried. Dot had never seen a full-grown male human cry. It shocked him. The man cried for a long time. Dot couldn't tell when he

would stop. All he knew is that he couldn't take it.

So Dot crept out of his little spot, his tail between his legs, his eyes wide and innocent. His body was low to the ground as he approached the human. The man's head rose as he looked at the small creature.

"Wha- what are ye doing awake?" He asked. The man had poisoned the water that he had the Terrors drink. Of course, he thought that they would share with each other. And they did. But they didn't share with Dot. The Terror paused for a moment, then crept close to the human, curling up against him, still looking up with wide eyes. The human placed a hand on the Terror's back and started stroking his scales. The Terror purred. The human sighed.

"I'm sorry, little one." Then he grabbed Dot and put him in a bag, not tying it tight enough, hoping that the little Terror would get out. He continued gathering up the Terrors.

When he got them all, he tied the sacks, leaving about five the way he had done the awake one. One sack squealed. Only one. A tear crept down the man's face as he took them to the river, and one by one, flung them in. He paused on the last one, taking one last look at the bag that held the awake Terror. More tears fell from his face as he flung it in the river.

He watched it go, watching it writhe and squeal and scream. When the man got back to his house, he took one look at his sleeping daughter, and cried.

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Dot felt the water pour into the sack, bit by bit closing in on his nose. Panic took over his body, and he thrashed against the walls of the sack. Everything was so dark. He squealed in terror, fighting his hardest against the closing in walls. Water rushed in, filling the sack all the way. Dot held his breath, holding out against the pressure. He felt something hit the bottom of the sack. Mushy and different. He frantically held his breath a little longer, and finally released. He took water in through his mouth and sputtered a little, then with a surprise he found that he wasn't dead. He took another gulp in. It... was alright. He was breathing. Not dead. Not at all. But there still was a problem. He couldn't get out of the sack.

He thrashed against the sack again, his efforts slowed by the pressure of the water. The walls were obviously not going to move. He felt around the sack, feeling the water rushing in and out. He found a place that wasn't like the rest. It was folded and crinkled, and he could feel a bump there.

The Terror stretched against the sack all he could, then hit the bump as hard as he could muster.

To his surprise, it gave way. He blinked, then swam out as quickly as he could, reaching the surface. He sputtered, choking out all the water out of his lungs. He gasped for air as the water rapids pulled him back under the water. He gasped as he resurfaced, crashing into a rock. He yelped, then sunk his claws into the moss, pulling himself up.

As soon as Dot recovered, he looked up. He was in a forest, a river raging around him. He was alone. All alone. Worse, he had no idea where he was.

He cried out for help in terror, but his cry was not heard, or if it was, ignored.

He was alone.

End
file.